Che Radical.

"OUR COUNTRY AND OUR COUNTRY'S WEAL."

BY HENDERSON & ADAMS. BOWLING GREEN, PIKE CO., MISSOURI, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1842. [VOL. 1.—NO. 25.]

Remittance by Mail.

FROM THE POST MASTER GENERAL.

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AGRICULTURAL.

From the Genesee Farmer.

Hemp.

To the inquiries of T. R. B. in regard to the cultivation of Hemp, we are happy very fully to respond in this number of the Farmer; in a way which, we trust, will be satisfactory to him.

The report of the Commissioner of Patents gives the amount of flax and hemp produced in the United States as amounting to 101,1811 tons.—But it is a curious circumstance and adapted, in *some degree* to abate our confidence in these tables, that in the returns obtained by the United States census, in the first place the two articles are not distinguished one from the other, so that there is no possibility of determining how much of flax or how much of hemp was raised; and in the next "the amount is sometimes given in tons and sometimes in pounds, so that it is not always easy to discriminate between them;" that is, as we understand it, it is not known whether the figures of the Marshals mean pounds or tons, which to be sure would make some little difference in the result. Officers employed by the government and paid for obtaining returns, who have not knowledge enough or care enough to distinguish between tons and pounds, certainly deserve a vote of thanks from Congress with brass collars for their exactness. The Commissioner says that probably more than half the whole amount must be alloted to flax, as but little hemp, comparatively, is known to be raised. He says again "that some of the amount should rather have been credited to pounds for flax than to tons, as more nearly corresponding to the actual condition of the crops in our country."

He adds, that "Kentucky probably ranks the highest with respect to the production of hemp. The crop of 1840 was a great failure, and that of the past years also suffered from the dry weather. There is not so much attention paid to the culture of this article as its importance demands; yet there is every ground of encouragement for increased enterprise in the production of hemp from the supply required in our own country.—The difficulty most in the way of its success, hitherto, has been the neglect either from ignorance, inexperience, or some other cause, properly to prepare it for use by the best process of water-rotting. The agriculturalists of our country seem, in this respect, to have too soon yielded to discouragement. The desirableness of some new and satisfactory results on this subject will be seen from the fact that it is stated the annual consumption of hemp in our navy amounts to nearly two thousand tons; besides which, the demand for the rest of our shipping is not less than about eleven thousand tons more; making an aggregate of nearly thirteen thousand tons—the price of which is put at from $220, and by some even as high as $280 per ton, together with other and inferior qualities, which are used to supply the deficiency of the better article. Our hemp, it is further stated, on high authority, when properly water-rotted, proves, by actual experiment, to be one-fourth stronger than Russia hemp to take five feet more run, and to spin twelve pounds more to the four hundred pounds. When so much is felt and said on the increase of our navy prospectively, it is an object worthy of attention to secure, if possible, the production of hemp in our own country, adequate to all our demands.—The introduction, too, of gunny bags, and of Scotch and Russia bagging, and iron hoops for cotton, renders this direction of the hemp product more necessary and important. It is hoped that some process of water-rotting, which will prove at once both cheap and satisfactory, may yet be discovered."

We subjoin a letter from Henry Clay, of Kentucky, to Mr. Colman, on the same subject:

LETTER FROM HENRY CLAY.

Washington, 4th March, 1842.

DEAR SIR—My engagements of a public nature here are such that I cannot answer one letter in 20 that I receive, and I must reply very briefly to yours as to the mode of cultivating Hemp. I once wrote an essay on the subject, of which I regret that I have no copy to send you. It was published in some agricultural periodical published at Cincinnati.

The best soil for hemp is a rich vegetable mould, with a clay substratum, either fresh, or which has been long in pasture. Any stable or ordinary manure is good, if it be neccessary to use any, which depends upon the degree of the fertility of the soil. Hemp exhausts very little, and I have known it cultivated for successive years in the same field without any diminution of the crop.

The ground should be prepared exactly as you would make the best preparation for wheat. A bushel and a peck of seed, or, if the land is uncommonly rich, a bushel and half, to the acre, should be sowed, broad cast, from the first to the 20th of May.—All the plants, male and female, are gathered, by pulling or cutting close to the ground by a cutting knife resembling a reap hook, but shorter.—The plants intended to produce seed are sowed by themselves in drills, and cultivated with the plough and hoe, so as to keep them clean.

The Crop Hemp is pulled or cut (for there is not much difference between the two methods, although I prefer cutting) about the 20th or 25th of August; and the proper time is indicated by the Hemp leaves turning a little yellow, and the farina escaping when the stalks are agitated. When cut or pulled, the stalks are suffered to remain on the ground a few days until they are cured, and if a rain falls on them so much the better, as it will render the separation of the leaves from the stalk easier. After being cured, the hemp is tied up with a hemp stalk in small bundles, convenient to handle, and shocked in the field. The best farmers, in a week or two afterwards, stack them on the field, throwing the tops inside and the roots outside.

Late in November or in December the stacks are broken, and the Hemp spread down on the field, or on the sod, to rot. The length of time it should remain depends upon whether the season is wet or dry, but it will not be less than seven or eight weeks, and may be longer. It is spread as you would spread flax regularly, and avoiding its being tangled.

You cannot judge whether it is sufficiently rotted or not but by taking up a handful and ascertaining if the lint will separate easily. When sufficiently thus rotted it is taken up and again shocked, and broken out, in the months of February, March, April, &c., as convenient, by a large hand brake. I task my hands 80 lbs. per day, and allow them a cent per lb. for every pound beyond that. I have known, in some instances, as much as 250 pounds per day broken out. As each handful is broken out, the shoes, that is, the little particles of the stalk which adhere to the lint, are carefully beaten off, so as to make it clean, and the hemp is laid away, and at night tied up in a bale or bales, and carried to the Hemp house. All attempts to substitute horse, water or steam power to the hand brake, and there have been many, have hitherto failed.

The above method is what we call dew rotting. I have never tried water rotting. That is effected by immersing the hemp stalks in bundles, in water, and keeping them under with weights. September is the best period, and standing better than running water. The length of time may be a few days or more, according to the temperature of the water.—You judge, as in the other mode, when it is sufficiently rotted.

The Hemp intended to produce seed is suffered to remain in the ground until the first light frost, is then cut, and after a few days the seed are threshed out.

I regret that I have not time to enlarge on this subject.

I am respectfuly
Your ob't serv't,
H. CLAY.

MR. HENRY COLMAN.

The Daughter.

The early education of the daughter, ought to be more thorough, deeper clearer, and sounder, more extensive, and better than the eduation of the son; because the daughter in early life becomes a wife and a mother; retires from the world to her own peculiar empire; her home. The son, if not thoroughly educated for his calling, at first, is compelled by circumstances, by the world all around him by his rivals in business, his own shame and emulation to educate himself. Indeed, he is always learning something, useful for him to know. It is not so with the daughter, who must learn early in life, or never learn. Be a woman ever so wealthy in this country, she must know how to cook her food, to wash and to iron her clothes, and those of her family, to nurse her children, and fetch her daughters to the same. If she have servants they may be ignorant, lazy and worthless, and there may be times when no servants can be precured. She may be too poor to hire servants. So that every daughter should know the art of house keeping.

"Money," says the adage, "is the root of all evil!" If it is, it is a very scarce root just now. It appear to have been rooted out from us. We do not perceive that the people are a grain better for the scarcity—we think they are *worse*—they are certainly *worse off*. If it be an evil, it is a veery necessary ene. Our maxim is, "of two evils chosen the least," and as money is acknowledged to be a *necessary* evil, we hope the root will speedily take root and spread its branches far and near. We will cheerfully pocket our share of the evil.

Live Stock of the U. State.—The total number of horses and mules in the United States is 4,335,669—neat cattle, 14,971,586—sheep, 19,311,374—swine, 26,301,283.—*Balt. Clip.*

The Fatal Advice.

A TALE OF THE STAGE COACH.

Two gentlemen and a female, travelling in a coach together, the latter in answer to a question that had been proposed to her, said, 'I never drank any spirits till about three years ago, after my youngest child was born.'

She uttered this reply in a suppressed tone of voice and with evident emotion.

'You have been married, then?' said the English gentlemen.

'Yes, sir,' she replied, 'I was married [illegible] years since.'

'Is your husband living?' he inquired.

'I suppose he is,' said she; 'I have not seen him for more than two years, and I do not know that he will ever come back again.'

At this moment the old Dutchman shook his head; and the woman bowed down her face. Her bonnet concealed her features, but tears were falling upon her cloak. After a brief interval, the Englishman resumed the conversation.

'I am fearful,' said he, 'that you have had a bad, perhaps an intemperate husband.'

His remarks seemed to summon her to the rescue; for whatever may be the nature of domestic strife, foreign interference is seldom welcomed by either party.

'No, sir,' she replied, 'I had as good a husband as ever lived, and there never was a more temperate man.—He was a member of the Temperence society. My husband was a carpenter and worked as hard as any man, but he never took strong drink of any kind; and if I could only say the same thing of myself, we never should have parted.'

'How did you first contract this habit?' said he.

'After my last child was born,' she replied, 'I had a severe fever, and was brought very low. It seemed as though I should never recover my strength. Our doctor, who was a skilful old gentleman, said nothing would raise me so soon as a little brandy. My husband asked him if nothing else would do as well, and was opposed to my taking it; but the doctor insisted upon it. It was not pleasant at first, *but I soon began to relish it with sugar*, and after a month's trial, I got myself into such a state, that I could not live without it. My husband was greatly distressed about it, and said he would not have it in the house. I then got it privately, and the habit got so strong upon me that I used to lie awake very often, thinking how good it would taste in the morning. I have often said, and say so now that I would give the world if it were mine, to be cured of this hankering after strong drink. At last my poor children——

Poor leetil children! cried the Dutchman, as he brushed away a tear from his eye.

'My poor children,' continued the woman, 'began to suffer, and my husband became desperate. At one time, he would coax me, and after I had kept myself clear of it for a week or so, he would make me a present though he could poorly afford it.—At another time when I could hold out no longer, and he returned and found nothing ready for dinner or supper, and the children crying, and his wife unfitted for every thing he would talk very harshly, and threaten to leave me. I deserved it all,' said she weeping bitterly; and I have thought, if he should come back I would try to do better and leave it off, though I am afraid I should not be able to. I never thought he would really go away. He seemed at last to be giving the matter up. He let me go on pretty much as I pleased. He used to take the two elder children, upon a Sunday to meeting, and leave me at home, for I was ashamed to go there as folks had began to take no notice of me. A few days before he went off, he said very little to me, but seemed to be busy packing his chest. I thought this was done to scare me; so I took no notice of it. He finally put his chest upon a wheelbarrow, and wheeled it away. 'Good bye, John,' said I, thinking he was not in earnest; and I was sure he was not when I saw him coming back in an hour, without it. He said nothing—not a word—but took the children on his lap and kissed them and cried over them as if his heart would break. His silence and his taking on so, worried me more than all his threats.

Next morning he asked me to take the three children and go with him to see his mother, who lived about a mile off. So I got ready. We had an old dog that watched around the house. My husband patted the dog—'Good bye, Cæsar,' said he, and sobbed out aloud as he said it. I then began to fear he was going; and as I thought how kindly he had always used me and what a miserable wife I had been to him, I could not help sheding tears. But I said nothing, for I still thought he only wanted to try me. When we got to his mother's, I saw his chests outside of the gate. We went in, and the old woman began to shed tears, but said not a word. I thought he meant to leave me. He looked at the clock, and said it was about time for the stage to come; and turning to me, he took my hand, but it was some time before he could speak. At last, mastering his feelings, 'Fanny!' said he, 'there is but one way to convince you that I am in earnest, and that is to leave you. I took you for better or for worse, but I did not take you for a drunkard, and I cannot live with you as such. You have often said you was willing to part, and could support yourself, if I would support the children, and you have agreed that they should live with their grandmother. I have sold my tools and some other matters, and raised a few pounds which I have placed in her care, for their use, and if God spares my life, they shall never want.—When she writes me word that you heve kept clear of this habit for six months, I will gladly come back, but never till then.' While he was speaking the stage arrived, and I saw him lashing on his chest. I then had no longer a doubt. He kissed the children and his mother, and rushed out of the house. I followed him to the door. 'O, dear John,' said I, 'do not go, John, do try me once more,' but he never looked back, and the stage was soon out of sight. 'He is a cruel, cold-harted man,' said I, as I sat down on the thresbold of the door. 'Fanny,' said his mother, as she sat wiping her eyes, 'will you abide by these words at the great judgment day?' 'No,' said I, after a short pause, 'he is the kindest and best of husbands and fathers.' 'Then try,' said she, 'to kill the sinful habit, and win back your happy fire-side.' 'I will try,' said I, and I have tried, but how poorly I have succeeded, every person acquainted with me knows too well.'

When the poor creature had finished her narrative, which bore irresistible marks of truth, in the very manner of its delivery, the Englishman gave her the most admirable counsel. The old Dutchman turned round and gazed upon her, while the tears trickled down his weather-beaten features.

'Mine Got,' he exclaimed, taking off his hat with an air of the deepest reverence while he spoke, 'ven vill dere pe an end to thish accursed trade? Ven vill a pody leave off selling de fires of hell to his neighbor in exchange for de poor leetle chiller's pread?'

Jim Joyce.

Who tried to be a Temperance Man, but couldn't come it.

An individual who rejoices in the name of Jim Joyce, was lecturing the lamp-post on the mutability of matter, at the corner of Lafayette Square, on Sunday night. His remarks, which were delivered in a loud voice, brought the wachman on his legs, as they say in parliamentary phrase; for he had just, by way of showing his extraordinary vigilence, been taken a comfortable snooze—or to speak more refinedly, he somnolency.

"Keep silent," said Joyce to the lamp-post, as the watchman approached him, "and I'll explain the whole matter to you."

"What's the matter with you?" said the watchman. "Who are you? eh? Let me see. Why, I'm blowed if you ain't Jim Joyce! What! Jim, my old covey, not taken the pledge yet! Ah, Jim! you must be elected president of the Unreformed Drunkards—you can go the anti-Washingtonian ticket strong!"

"Charley, old feller," said Jim, "I's not what I used to was—I aint myself—I aint nobody—I aint nothing—I wish I was. I have wrund up my affairs, and am in a state of *liquordation*!"

"Yes, I guess as how you have accepted a great many *draughts* lately," said the watchman—"you seem like it."

"You're right, hoss—I has," said Jim; "but dang it, the Legislature won't come to my relief. Don't you see I haint got no 'movement,' and I'm used up with 'dead weight."

"Well come—move along," said Charley. "You haint bin out of prison three days. I'll refer you to a committee of one, composed of Recorder Baldwin; I guess he'll move for your recommitment, 'with a view to your amendment!'"

"Yes," says Jim; "but the Temperance Society has had me under consideration—I find I can't be amended—I didn't take nothing for three days; but I could'nt stand it no longer, and was obliged to resume my drinks. O! it's an awful state Charley, for a feller to be without his bitters when he's used to them!"

"Well, come along," said the watchman.—"Thirty days in the workhouse may have more virtue in bringing about your reformation than a Father Mathew medal. We'll try it."

"Well, I aint agoin' to go," said Jim. "I never keeps low company, and you is so cusedly vulgar that they say you have to strike the curb-stones, to force them to keep your society!"

This was touching Charley in a tender point: it was a personal aspersion—a misdemeanor of no common magnitude, inasmuch as it was calculated to bring the officers of the law, and, per consequence, the law itself into disrepute. There was, therefore, no further parley between the parties, and Charley's stave, applied divers and sundry times to Jim Joyce's ribs, operated as a motive power to his locomotion until they arrived at the Baronne-street watch-house.

He is now developing the resources of State in the new workhouse.

ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY.—A most daring attempt to rob the jewelry store of Mr. Jeffrey R. Hackett, No. 69 Washinston st., Boston, was made about half past nine o'clock on Sunday night. The robbers entered through the cellar, took down the furnace, and climed up through the register. Being disturbed, they made their escape, leaving behing them two small bags, in one of which they had stowed 11 gold watches, and some silver spoons. Before they were disturbed, they had ransacked the desk and stolen all the money, amounting to about $100.